BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Dr. J. G. Willis, Physician and Surgeon-Streetsboro, Obio.

H. Pratt. M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in F. W. Seymour's building on the public aquare, nearly opposite the Court House.

Jue. Doane Wellman, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office on Main street, No. 109. E. H. Wait, M. D. RAYENSA, PORTAGE COUNTY, OHIO.

IJ Office at the old stand of Strentor & Wait.
Ravenns, March 6, 1850.

Dr. B. T. Spellman, -Ravelina Ohio. 10ffice in Seyn over the Post Office.

H. Birchard & J. W. Tyler, ATTY'S & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Have agreed to become jointly interested in their
professional business in Portage county. They may
be consulted at Ravenna during the terms of court
or at their offices in vacation.

Address in vacation—Birchard & Sutliff, Warren,
O, or Birchard & Tyler, Franklin Mills, O.

N. L. SEPPRIES. Bierce & Jeffries. Attorneys at Law. Office over Swift's Drug Store, opposite the Court House.

F. W. TAPPAN. ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, & So-LICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office nearly opposite the Prenties House, Ravenna, O. BAML: STRAWDER O. P. BROWN

Strawder & Brown. Attorneys at Law-Ravenna, Obio-Office at the

H. H. Willard. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. Palmyra, Portage County, Ohio.

m. W. Coun. Attorney of Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Office over Campbell's Shop, public square, Ravenna, Ohio:

Ranney & Taylor ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Ravenna, Ohio.

13 Office over Seymour's store.

Darius Lyman. ATTORNEY AT LAW. RAVENSA, PORTAGE Co., Outo.

"TP Office in Hood's Building, over S. A. & R. A.
Gillett's rore. na June 1, 1849.

R. P. Spalding. Attorney at Law-Cleveland, Chio-Office in Par-sons' Block-Superior Street.

(SUCCESSON TO M. HULBERRY.)

Fram Founder, Copper Smith, Tin and Sheet Iron Work

op—a few doors south of the Court House, Ravenna, O.

D. M. SOMERVILLE. TAILOR. HAS removed his shop a few doors west of the pos-office—Ravenna, Ohio.

SA&RAGillett Dealers in Dry Goods. Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass. &c., north side public square, Ravenna, Obio.

F W seymour Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Crockery, Boots, Shoes &c., north side pudlic square, Ravenna, Ohio.

Rowell & Brother.

HL&R Day Dealers in Fancy Dry Goods, Bonnets, Hats Caps, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Carpeting &c., at their New Store, Main st.,

Kent. Grenell & Co Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron, Nails Hardware, Glass &c., Franklin, Ohio.

C & J C Prentiss Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Stoves, Hard ware, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., Brick Block, west side public square, Ravenna, Olfio.

A. V. Horr. Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., all kinds of Produce and almost every article that persons

either wish to buy or sell, Shalersville, O. E. T. Richardson, Dealer in English and American Hardware, Sad-dle, Harness and Caeringe Trimmings, Iron, Nails: Steel, &c.. &c.: at the old stand of Mason & Brainerd, Ravenna Ohio.

Paumphilet Laiterature. THE best and largest assertment of Pumphle Literature, entertaining and unexceptionable in tone and influence, embracing works from the pen of T.S. Arthur, Mrs. Grey, Miss Pickering, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Mowat, Charles Lever and other distinguished writers, ever offered in this market, may be found at Oct. 27.

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

IRON AND NAILS! AT LOW PRICES. A LARGE stock for sale in a large or Small way at wholesale prices for Ready Pay.

KENT, GRENELL & Co. Franklin, June 8, 1852.

TEA-The best in the county you will find at

Second Arrival. THE subscribers are now receiving their second stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and have the pleasure of offering to their customers one of the largest stocks of Goods ever brought to "Old Portage." The day for selling goods at large profits has passed, and now to sell a "big pile" and "at small profits," is the motto. We would merely say see, have the Goods, and let these who may favor us with a call. testify as to prices.

"Nov. 23, 1852.

NEW GOODS

AT CAMPBELLSPORT. AT CAMPBELLSPORT.

A GAIN we call the attention of the people to the arrival of an entire new stock of Fall and Winter Goods. Our business has so much increased that it has warranted us in purchasing a very large essortment. It is generally admitted a so, that our selections in regard to style and quality, are superior to any brought to this section of the country. The Ladies are already convinced of the fact, and if they will call, we will endeavor to show them goods that will in every way suit their wants and taste.

A fine lot of

A fine lot of READY MADE CLOTHING. particularly Over Costs. Oh how comfortable a good thick Over Costs in a cold stormy day; but how much more comfortable not to empty your pockets entirely to pay for them.

pay for them.

BOOTS AND ShOES:

We have double the number that we ever had before, consequently a great variety, and all warranted to be 2 per cent cheaper than last year.

Ladies Gaiters and Overshoes can be purchased much

on 'em, so they don't durst to neither work 'em and the series of uniterable agony was concentrated. Father or mother who may read this, why was it not your to call and examine our fine. Tea Ware. No better styles can be found this side of the mountains.

And thus expressing himself, the trader buttoned this side of the mountains.

The highest prices paid for all kinds of Produce.

The highest prices paid for all kinds of Produce.

Well, really, Mooney" said Mr. Horland.

THROHIO STAR

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Ceneral Intelligence, Miscellancous Rending, and the Rights of Man.

THE LANGE TO

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY MARCH 9. 1853.

Whole Number 1210

"We've all our Angel Sides."

Despair not of the better part That lies in human kind-A gleam of light still flickereth In e'en the darkest mind; The savage with his club of war, The sage so mild and good, Are linked in firm eternal bonds, Of common brotherhood.

Despair not! Oh, despair not, then, For through this world so wide No nature is so demon-like, But there's an angel side.

The huge rough stones from out the mine Unsightly and unfair, Have veins of purest metal hid Beneath the surface there; Few rocks so bare but to their hights

Some tiny moss-plant clings, And round the peaks so desolute The sea-bird sits and sings; Believe me, too, that rugged souls, Beneath their rudeness hide Much that is beautiful and good-

We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth-A far-off, secret way, Where through the windows of the soul. God sends his smiling ray.

In every human heart there is A faithful sounding chord, That may be struck unknown to us By some sweet loving word. The wayward heart in vain may try Its softer thoughts to hide, Some unexpected tone reveals-

It hath an angel side.

Despised and low and trodden down, Dark with the shade of sin, Deciphering not those halo lights Which God hath lit within; Groping about in utmost night, Poor, prison'd souls there are. Who guess not what life's meaning is, Nor dream of Heaven afar. Oh! that some gentle hand of love

Their stumbling steps would guide, And show them that amidst it all, Life has its angel side. Brutal and mean and dark enough, God knows some natures are, But he, compassionate, comes near— And shall we stand afar? Our cruse of oil will not grow less, If shared with hearty hand, For words of peace and looks of love

Few natures can withstand. Love is the mighty conductor-Love is the beauteous guide-Love, with her beaming eye, can see We've all our anget sides.

Angelique. The Quadroon Girl. Bondage Without Chains.

BAFFLED PROJECTS.

That presently you take your way for home.

"Oh! gal from the city, likely, on a visit."

Mooney stopped short, and with eyes and mouth

pening in concert, stared full in the planter's face.

"Died, did she? Aw! Must have been

"Wait a bit, my dear sir," said Mooney with a

wonderfully patronizing air; and then stretching

in the planter's ear. "I will now, 'pon honor!

" Well, Mr. Mooney" replied the planter hesi-

no fault with your offer-it is generous; indeed I

am at some loss to know how you expect to make

"Oh let me alone for that," answered the tra-

erwise, I wouldn't hesitate an instant."

the trader, " how much did you pay for her!"

hadn't but one. Twins-aint they?"

ly ;" returned Mr. Herbert,

naid and play-mate."

oon, I take it, 'aut she ?"

or four years since."

getting warm, here."

by such an operation."

All's well that Ends well.

Prepared I was not

cause Mooney to withdraw his proposition but he was mistaken, for after some little bantering, the BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK. trader consented to the arrangement. CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"But." said he "the business had best be don up quick, before it spreads much round amongst the niggers. " Certainly :" Mr. Herbert was equally anxions to expedite this matter; he detested For such a business ; therefore am I found So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you "I hear their voices yonder in the arbor. We will

walk round there that you may see which one is the quadroon; but mind-not a word before Con-"Well now if I ever." exclaimed Mooney, as stance. I will manage to separate them." he watched the airy figures flitting through the "Yes, send the gipsey into the house for some

she has often urged me to make out free papers

"Oh don't free yer niggers! Now I've seen a

This probably being the only moral reflection

Mooney ever made in his life, he appeared to

"You say you never promised the madam n

not to sell this here gal, did you ?" he inquired af-

"No, not exactly. I believe, but it would be a se-

vere shock in her delicate state of health, if I should

do so," returned the planter musingly; " and then,

"Oh that's all fugdge! Children never remem

ber nothin' more'n a day or two; get the lit le la

dy a heap o' new frocks and toys, and books if she

fancies 'em; or send her off on a visit, somewhere.

Mr. Herbert at first shook his head doubtingly

but then he thought of his embarrassed affairs, of

power he had been by a complication of reverses,

so hopelessly thrown; and lastly, he though of the

liberal sum which this same man had offered to

delicate form and queenly features, the beauty and

intelligence of that little slender child. Oh Ralph

those few hundreds look to you just now, in com-

parison with the small, useless chattel you call An-

"If I can weather this difficulty in safety, if

can recover my footing again," were the thoughts

which formed themselves in his mind, "but how is

"If I am ever to sell her how is the time for

Constance's attachments are so strong!"

plume himself upon it a great deal.

sir, surprisin' bad."

ter a moment's silence

No trouble about that."

for this consideration.

er than the offer made.

shrubbery like a pair of twin butterflies : "Them's thing. Fix up some excuse. I never like to buy both your daughters, I take it. Reckoned you an article like this yer without handlin." "I have but one daughter-you reckoned right-

They reached the arbor. There on the flower strewn floor, half asleep, lay the two little fairies; and as Constance sprang quickly to her feet, Mr Herbert smoothing her tangled curls, said : "No." answered the planter a little impatiently. "Didn't mamma send you for flowers to fill her one is the girl I spoke of just now, my daughter's

" Yes papa," said Constance, looking down. Then run quick-take them to the house and arrange them as nicely as you can Angelique can You don't say, now! Where in the universal remain here till you come back."

creation did you pick up such an article? Quad-Casting a glance of encouragement at her comcompanion, the child bounded away with her bas "Her mother was a quadroon: I bought her ket of flowers, and then Mooney open-mouthed a when this child was a babe, and she was Mrs. Herusual, with hands in his pockets and head inclined bert's special attendant until she died of fever three eagerly forward, stared at the quadroon girl in undisguised admiration, as she stood with eyes cast

down and arms modestly folded. heavy loss. This galis like her I reckon," grunted "Wall this beats all," he managed to articulate after he had gazed to his satisfaction. "She's a "She was very handsome and intelligent; I have forgotten what I gave for her; But this has reg'lar built princess for beauty and no mistake. Tell ye what, now, I'll not go begging with her in nothing in particular to do with our business. Sup-Orleans. This yer trade gets better every year, pose we adjourn to a cool room in the house. It's

as gals gets whiter." "Of course ;" returned the planter indifferently. During all this Angelique stood looking up at

himself to his full height, he whispered something her master, not comprehending a word. "Turn around and look at me my gal," said the Call this yer matter settled, and give you that betrader touching her shoulder. The child obeyed sides, plump down. Now I reckon you'il see what though shrinking with terror from the gross aspect a lucky chance is. Haw! baw! what do you say of the man-but as she raised her face to his, he inserted his great coarse finger between her lips, and lifting her chin in his left hand appeared to be tatingly, for it was plain that the proposition, what- gazing down her throat. ever it was, had taken him by surprise; "I find

"Fine teeth," he said releasing her, " white and even. Know'd they must be! Taper fingersthat's the sort : clinch the trade, eh?"

der with a grin; "I look out for myself. I've a particular friend who keeps on the watch for artistood perfectly still, revolving in his mind the un- was, and what she was : for Angelique knew the and arms interlocked lovingly together. booked for proposal.

"The offer is liberal enough as I remarked be-slave; though in her childish simplicity she had fear,—that frequent scourge of an untaught and gelique herself, the entreaties of wife and child fore " said he at last, "but I never expected to sell never thought about the matter, or supposed that vicious nature, crept over him; an indistinct im-Angelique. She has been reared here almost as in her case it was anything to be deplored. Hith-pression that the innecent child against whom Terrors did accomplish, and Angelique was saved! tenderly as my own daughter. In fact they are erto, her child-life bad been all sunshine-she had his designs were pending, might be an especial like sisters to each other, and a separation would known nothing of the pains and restraints of bon protoge of Heaven, and as such secure from his nearly kill them, I suppose. If the case were oth- dage : but now, with those terrible words, with possession. But the planter, not over-burdened "Wal, if folks wants to throw away a good offer, eyes were opened and she saw the fearful brink beliefs, paid little attention to the circumstance nothing agin it, so I get my money; and if upon which she stood. Poor child! In that one except that he seemed rather strengthened than

choking back the resentment be felt at being ad- school this morning, that beloved one whose every of the apartment suddenly opened, and Mrs. Her- word with Mooney, although the dernier resort by dressed in this manner, by the thought of the tri- childish word is a precious treasure, and every bert, pale almost as the dressing-gown she wore, which the "trifling balance" was finally obtained. fling balance; "If it were not for Constance, I might beaming glance a haunting delight in your inmost tottered feebly into the room. sell the girl, for she is of no earthly use except to heart. Suppose you should hear before night that "Elinor! why, how-what in the name of won play with. It was never my policy to bring up she had been seized and sold by a heartless specu- der brought you here" were the planter's incoheservants above their station, but this girl being, as |ator: Imagine her standing as Angelique stands— rent exclamations as he moved quickly toward her; you see, as white as my own child, came to be with white, bloodless lips, mute with horror, trem- "you are crazy Elinor-you have't left your room considered almost like one of the family, at least bling in every limb, and the soul driver regarding for a year,—how did you learn this ?" ary you know for house servants to be left to the management of the ladies."

At such a picture, and yet feel no pity for the thousement of the ladies."

At such a picture, and yet feel no pity for the thousement whispers when she thought me asleep, and by management of the ladies." ', Humph!" interjected the smisble Mooney reature, and in her last moments, my wife assur-

ed to perpetuate, if not to frame? ed her that her child should be well cared for, and for her, which I have neglected to do," (Ah Ralph Herbert did you neglect it ?) "though to be sure it has been my intention to free her before many him to make all expedition. "Take her down to cial attendant?" the little gate-house," said he "there is no one there. I will tell Bill to get your wagon ready and good deal of that in my time, and I tell ye I've no 'pinion of 'mancipating niggers! The 'fect is bad

Mooney took out his pocket-book, opened it- sity compels me to sell her." when suddenly like a white dove cleaving its way through the branches, a little fluttering, snowy figure darted in between them. It was Constance, who finding the vases already filled, had returned to the arbor, and being arrested by her father's voice had stopped to listen. She watched their faces breathlessly a moment and then satisfied that her suspicions were correct, glided up to her favorrite, and planting herself firmly before her. fixed her large eyes flashing and defiant, upon the astonished trader. The whole movement had been so articles of luxury from the house; my piano, my rapid, so unexpected, that Mr. Herbert was for a jewery, take anything, only do not that which will moment at a loss what course to take, but seeing darken the few days or months I have to spend him about to move, the child with a quick motion haid her hand upon the arm of the slave girl. "Pa- and weakness may yet suffer me to know." pa" said she, while the rich crimsom tides rushed to her forehead, and every little silken curl quivered with the emotion which shook her slight frame; plain the matter to her, with something neare; the hard-featured exacting creditor; into whose about it-but if you do, papa, I'll go right away fore, it was exceedingly vexatious that she still reand drown myself in the river. I will! And you'il have to take all the money you get for Angive him in exchange for the body and soul, the gelique to buy me a beautiful white grave stone like the one over my little sister. May be you don't believe me, paps, but I will do it! You'll Herbert ! how large, how very large and tempting

"The d -1!" muttered Mooney, "there's blood for you; why the gal looks like a young tiger." "Come here Con." said the planter a little softened in spite of himself " you are a silly child: take Angelique and go the house, and see that you put such ridiculous notions out of your head." And Constance, reassured in a measure, took the

to be done? I must have money. This girl is of no possible use now, and if I should keep her hand of her companion and did as she was directed. a lew years longer, why of course I shouldn't sell her then. Of course not." And Mr. Herbert credited himself with a large amount of morality several reasons," said he sloud and then quickly polite" we shall not repeat; "you will pass the probability be purchased by a kind and wealthy deciding he added, "I think Mooney I will sell night here, and to-morrow, before day, we must family. As for Constance, the girl has never been the girl for-' naming a sum somewhat high-To do the planter justice it must be stated that he indulged a half hope that this advance would

quite satisfactory to the trader and the subject was and send for a physician." for a time dismissed.

Meanwhile the two little girls sought shelter in discussing in dubious whispers, the strange occur- floor, rence. Mrs. H. had been an invalid for years, ing that this great new sorrow must not be impar-

her own way. "Indeed pet, papa must have been in a joke : though to be sure he seldom jokes, but it does the effort she had made. spam as if he couldn't he really in cornect : but at all events, you never shall be sold. That creature feeling, which even, stoical, unimpressible nabuy you, indeed!" And the affectionate child, ig- tures will sometimes experience, and sufferingthe quadroon girl and kissed her again and again. form of his wife to her chamber, and after des-

"But you don't appear pleased at all, Angy, "Oh, Miss Constance," exclaimed the child

pain here," laying her hand on her heart, "and charge of the nurse he returned to the verandah.

Here the invalid upon the couch moved unea-

Next morning a little before day, although the moon shone brightly, the light wagon of the trader was drawn up near the house. To do our planter further justice it must be stated that he could not reflect upon the deed he was about consummating, without feelings very like compunction. His heart How do I know-" inaccesible as it usually was, except by the ties of kindred, would acknowledge an interest in the winning little being who for eight years, hand in hand with his own believed child, had flitted like do you want !" and he slammed the door in the a bird about his pathway. But inflexibility of face of the dicomfited Mooney in a style equally at purpo e was an attribute upon which Ralph Her- variance with the reported hospitable habits of bert especially prided himself: in fact it is to be doubted if he ever up to this period of his life had ar staidness of demeanor, and propriety of lan receded from a determination. Yet in spite of guage which characterized our individual planter these considerations it was with some decided per se. misgivings that he unlatched the glass door by which Angelique's apartment communicated with Angelique heard, and now comprehending all, ly to the bedside. Stopping a moment to listen that her large melancholy eyes were open, though stood with dilating eyes and parted lips, still-still they drew aside the curtain of the window, and as a statue. She tried to move, to run away- the full moon shone in, calmly, purely as the eye particular friend was sceps on the watch for arti-cles of that stamp, so let us have an answer, if you but an irresistible power chained her feet to the earth. And this unseen power-what was it? the sleepers. There they lay, the daughter and hand yet more closely about her companion. please, sir."

And this unseen power—want was it?

The creature seemed highly elated with his A thought! Ay! simply a Thought, which burstsudden idea, and went so far, after running his fin- ing in upon her brain at that moment, seemed to wealth, honor and a lofty name, side by side with liness of the scene were penetrating even the ingers through his stubbly hair, as to clap his hands sear its impression as with a hot iron. The conupon the planter's shoulder; who in the meantime viction suddenly flashed upon her of what this man wrong;—their jetty curls mingling on one pillow world turned land lifet the room.

nature of slavery, and knew that she herself was a Mooney stood aghast. A vague, superstitious the touch of that hateful finger upon her lips, her with spirituality, nor given to the study of ideal folks is able to raise nigger wenches to make ladies | moment, when the iron entered her soul, how much otherwise in his resolution, and muttered in an un-

And thus expressing himself, the trader buttoned child? That little loving-hearted girl, fair, fragile. Again they commenced preparations for reand tenderly nurtured, whom your eyes followed moving the 'property,' but before even one little from her features. "Well, really, Mooney" said Mr. Herbert with such proud affection, as she went singing to slumberer was awakened, a door at the extremity It is needless to say that the planter kept his only invigorated herself by this silence and sus. "We are not speaking of religion now." The

her with his covetous glances. Can you shudder "By what I gathered last night from Constance's as white perchance, as your own durling, who are hour," she replied; "and I have left my room as "Angelique's mother was a faithful, affectionate yearly sacrificed on the altars of an Institution per- you say truly for the first time in twelve months, mitted and protected by laws which you have help- to nek if you really intend to sell Gabrielle's child? The faithful creature whose last illness was con-Mr. Herbert observed Angelique's rigid features tracted by attendance on your sick bed, and whose and horror-struck expression without any remark; last hours were made happy by your promise that but he turned to the trader, and his manner was her child should never be parted from Constance. a little less composed than usual, as he requested Did you not give her to Constance for her espe-

" You mistake I think, Elinor, about the prom ise; but it cannot be helped," answered Mr. Her take it there; and there need be no noise about it." bert, "I assure you nothing but imperious neces-"What necessity ?"

"I am in debt Elinor; deeply embarrassed: I have refrained on account of your health from mentioning it to you, but" he added in a very low voice, "you do not dream how near to ruin I am! Now" he continued aloud, "go back quietly. I tremble for the consequences of this imprudence."

"I cannot," answered the wife greatly agitated. unless you promise not to sell Angelique. How much is the debt! We can spare many useless on earth; destroy the little of happiness that pain

Mr. Herbert was exceedingly perplexed and annoyed. After having been at the trouble to ex-"Papa you were going to sell her! I know ell like confidence than he had ever manifested bemained unsatisfied. What was to be done?

"Elinor" said he at last; "do you know that you are endangering your life by remaining here. "I do," she answered; and then there was another awkward silence, broken only by the calm regular breathings of the the children, and the impatient drumming of Mooney's riding-whip on the verandah; that worthy having retreated thither through "manners," which he further illustrated

by peeping and listening at the open window. "Come, Elinor, don't be childish. I don't won der you feel a little surprised, but such things hap pen very frequently all about us, and moreover I tell you there is no alternative. You wouldn't "We can manage this best by a little stratagem," prefer to have Mammy sold from her five children continued Mr. Herbert to Mooney who had been or Susan from her husband and little babe. Anrelieving the excitement of his mind by a catalogue gelique has not a relative on the place; she is but of choice phrases, which in consideration of "ears a child and will soon forget us, and she will in all slip the girl out of the house quietly, her room is a particle of use to her except to play with, and parate from Constance's; there need be no plarm; she will soon be too old for that. I have long felt have your light wagon at the door-and when it is that their familiarity should be checked. Lottidiscovered, I must trust to expedients for pacifying is devoted to her mistress and will make an excel lept maid. But come now; this excitement will This method of arranging the difficulty seemed kill you. Let me support you back to your room

Saying this he took her hand to lead her from the apartment; but as she turned to speak once Mrs. Herbert's room from the "horrid wretch," more, a livid paleness over-spread her features, as Constance vehemently called him, and were her eyes were fixed and she fell heavily to the

The planter's cool self-possession for once des and the smallest excitement frequently brought on erted him. His wife had been ill for years, and distressing nervous attacks, so Constance know- he was prepared to witness any uncount of ner yous agitation, but he had never seen her faint be ted to her, did what she thought the next best fo e and I elieved her to be dying; a mistake which thing and set about comforting her companion in was no matter of wonder considering her extreme weakness, and that nothing but the most intens excitement could have nerved her feeble frame for

Under the influence of a complete revulsion of norant of the necessity of observing the distinc- for perhaps the first time in his life, the bitterness tions of society, thew her arms about the neck of of remorse. Mr. Herbert carried the insensible patching a servant for a physician, stood by the you don't even smile when I am so glad-what is bed-side, chafed her icy hands, and assured her repeatedly that Angelique should not be sold; assurances which fell upon unlistening ears. The assionately "I do love you dearly; but there's a death-like swoon continued, and leaving her i something chokes me so I can't talk, please where Mooney was making various fidgety de monstrations.

"Mr. Mooney" said he abruptly, "once for al I shall not sell the girl : your horse and wagon are at the door-ride over to B- as was your intention. I will meet you at the Exchange before noon, and adjust this matter to your satisfaction." "Wal raly," commenced the trader, gruffly : "I'm not exactly used to that ar kind of dealing

Hav'nt I told you " thundered the planter turn ing fiercely toward him. "I will meet you before noon prepared to satisfy your claim? What more Southern planters as a class, and with the peculi-

Returning to the sick chamber, he stopped to remove the light which had been left near the the verandah, and followed by Mooney, stept soft- children's bed, and glancing at Angelique, he saw turned from the light, and that heavy drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead. As he looked, With a quickened pulse as if the beauty and he

The threatening cloud had passed over. What

his own upbraiding conscience, the agony of Ancould not do, the apparent presence of the King of Mrs. Herbert remained for hours seemingly hovering between life and death, watched over by her household with the most auxious solicitude. Her sevants all loved her, and many were the ominous whispers and shaking of the head among them-sorrowful prophecies of what might befal them "if Missis should die!" Toward mon she on 'em, so they don't durst to neither work 'em of unutterable agony was concentrated. Father der tone, "The little fox suspected something. became sensible, but not till Angelique came and pressed her lips to the wasted hand of her benefactor did the expression of intense anguish pass

which had prompted him, rather than suffer abase- box. ment, to sacrifice a gentle and beautiful child whose mother's life had been the price of her un-

wearying devotion to him in illeness-to the hor-

To be Continued.

From the Reston Post Thinks I to Mysett.

I saw her again but a few days ago, When Ko-suth came down to our city; The name of the lady I never did know, But thinks I, she's uncommonly pretty.

rible contingencies of a slave-market.

And clever, no doubt, as she's pretty. Thinks I to myself, I have seen her before-Fine face, and black eyes, and black hair;

But I could not tell where, as I thought of it no m And hang me if I could tell where I declare. I could not tell how, when, or where.

But now both the time and the place I remember, I remember her pleasing address : At a certain hotel, in the month of September, We met, in the doorway, I guess-

Yes, yes; Thinks I, she's the person, I guess. Thinks I, she would make a good partner for life.

But she's married or spoken for, I s'pose; Still, if that's not the case, and if-I had no wife, Thinks I to myself, I'd "propose," Goodness knows. If it wan't for all that, I'd propose,

But I'm married; thinks I to myself, 'cis a pity, I'm tied, and I cannot undo it; Yet, thinks I, there's no harm in writing this ditty; Though its well that my wife doesn's know it,

Old poet! Tis well that your wife doesd't know it.

George Harmon. "Yes," soliloquized George Harmon, "I must

ave money. If he will not allow me a higher salary, I will make him suffer for it." George was a clerk in the store of Mr. Hale a conversation had just taken place between George and his employer, relative to an increase in his salary, and had resulted in a refusal to ea-

large his compensation. "It is hard times," Mr. Hale remarked, "and I eally can't afford it."

George's salary had always been sufficient to neet his demands, but he was to be married soon. and he needed funds to defray wedding expenses. George we regret to say, was somewhat addiced to the wine cup, and was under its influence when he made the above threat. He was not fairly intoxicated, but was rather feverish and excited. A companion entered. "Why, George," said he, "wl

You look desperate—what is to pay? "Everything to be paid, and not

"Come, come, you must look side of the picture." "No moralizing, Joe: I must have money." "Invent a patent pill, or a rotary churn."

"Pshaw! don't tantalize me." "Has Mr. Hale reduced your salary?" "No-don't talk to me now!" George now tried to think of a plan whereby

obtain the requisite funds, and be lay awake the greater part of the night, in contriving a scheme o defeaud his employer.

ily and carefully enveloped, and George knew contained money. "Aha!" he said to himself, "here is what I

he package. It contained one thousand dollars,

which George transferred to his pocket book. A letter from his father, which he had not beore observed, was now read. It was full of soicitude for his welfare. It warned him to shun ery. It said-every morning at eight o'clock we tinued his journeys as a courier. assemble around the family altar, and always renember you, my dear son!

Just then he heard a clock strike eight. A strange feeling passed over him. The struggle ommented between conscience and vice, and we are sorry to say the latter prevailed. "Did the money from Baltimore come this

the store.

"I have a friend," said George, " from whom can borrow five hundred dollars for you, if you

"Do so, if you please," said Mr. Hale. were still wanted, and could not be obtained. forsake Romanism from reading the Scriptures. The note was protested. Creditors became from which they learned the errors and con-

"I sus ected it." said one. "And just laid in a new stock, too," said anoth-The first step down hill had been taken, and

was with difficulty that Mr. Hale regained his

Mr. Hale wrote to the Baltimore post master, from the person from whom he had expected the then asked: "Have you ever had any religious remittance, and one from the post-master. From controversy during the time you spoke ogainst these he learned that the letter had been mailed a the church?" Francesco: "Yes, sir only when

"There is some foul play here," said he. "Let me look at the mail bills," said the offic-

He found, on reference, that the letter had eached his office, but none of the clerks knew what had become of it. The impression was that t had been placed in the wrong box. The news stread through the city, and many remarks not very flattering to the post-master was occasioned.

first emotions of fancied bliss destroyed the bitter

pension and now tortured him the more as he was returning to the city. A gloom came over his spirits, and his pleasure was turned into pain.

When within fifty miles of home, while stopping at L he enclosed two hundred and fifty dollars more of the stolen funds in a letter. and directed it in a disguised hand, to Mr. Hale. This letter he handed to a boy, and gave him a dollar to carry it to a post office about eight miles

The next day George returned to the store, and found that Mr. Hale had received two huadred and fifty dollars of the stolen money.

"Why," said the astonished merchant, "its from C-, too, and not a word of explanation: I wish I knew that writing."

The intelligence soon spread through the city. and it was now fully believed that through caregave a severe wound to that unhallowed pride lessness it had been put into another persons letter

> A plan for detection was formed, and they determined to closely watch all letters and if possible, discover the writer. At length a letter arrived, the direction of which very much resembled the one addressed to Mr. Hale. A warrant was issued, and the writer arrested and brought to the city. They also brought with them a boy; who stated that a gentleman gave him a dollar to take the letter to the C - post-office and that the letter was addressed to Mr. Hale. He had given the police a full description of his person, &c., and they were going to make search for

George heard of these facts, and hastened home telling his wife that he must fly. She urged an explanation, but after a hurried embrace, he left her and fled-no one knew whither.

It was fifteen years af er the sudden and vet unexplained separation, that Mrs. Harmon removed to he far West to live with her uncle; Here she became acquainted with a Mr. Day. He was a man of about thirty five or forty years, and it was strange that one who had such an anparent distasts for society should linger in her presence as he did. He was much respected, and Mrs Hermon, who believed her former hrishand dend, reciprocated his feelings. She yielded her hand to Mr. Day, and finally became his wife.

One evening Mr. Day called her aside and inmated to her that he had a secret to disclose to er. Showing her a ring he said--

"Do you know this?" She turned pule, and fainted on his bosom. It was the one she had given to her former husband: When she recovered, she asked .-"Where did you get it?"

"You gave it to me fifteen years ago," said he. "Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, you are "I am George Harmon," he replied.

"No, he is dead!" "He lives, a better man, and once more your usband!" As soon as circumstances would admit, he told ner his history. He had changed his name,

had written to her that he was almost dead, and did not expect to recover, and had finally settled in the West, and had accumulated a fortune. "Has Mr. Hale been remunerated?" she ask-

"Yes; and here is the receipt, and his forgive-Succeeding days were days of blessedness. George's early full was often remembered, and he always lothed the wine cup as the tempter. Young men, you cannot fail to see the moral!

May Heaven teach you to apply it! The Persecuted Madini. Frequent reference of late has been made in the foreign news to the persecution and reported denth of the Madini, Florence, for embracing the Protestant faith The Buona Novella, Turin, publishes an account of the trial and imprisonment of Francesco and Rosa Madini, of Florence, and it is to be presumed that report is nothentia. A translation of this account anpenrs in the New York Herald of the 19th, from which the principal facts are thus con-

densed by the Boston Traveller: Francesco Madiai was born in the court vi near Florence; going to the city early for employment, be learned French and English, and became a courier to foreign families, and traveling to foreign lands. Thus he visited England. As he went to the store next morning, he called and even the United States. Rosa Madini was at the post office to get his employer's letters and born in Rome, thence removed to London. onr ers as was his custom. One letter was heav- where she resided some 17 years, in the service of foreign and other families. On her return to Florence she met Francesco Madini with whom she was previously somewhat acquainted. and they were married by a Protestant clergyman, and partook of the sacrament in the Swiss Protestant Chapel in Florence, Uniting their little savings, they furnished a house and let it to foreign families, particularly English. Rosa remained at Florence, busying herself all vice, and to walk in the paths of virtue and pi- with the domestic duties, while Francesco con-

On the night of November 15, 1851, these quiet and inoffensive citizens, together with nearly fifty other persons, of all ages and conditions, were arrested by the gendarmes, as heretica, and thrown into prison; a traitor-a Judasamong the little band of brethren having betraymorning?" inquired Mr. Hale, as George entered ed them to the police. The Madians were thrown into separet: cells, an here keprell confinement until June 4 h, 1002, when they "O, dear, what shall I do? It was promised to were brough to trial; not before a jury, but, lay, at the least, and I wanted that thousand to bench of judges, who sat with closed doors, admitting only a few Englishmen by the interposits ion of Sir Henry Bulwer.

In answer to the questions of the judges, Francesco and Rosa both acknowledged themselves Protesants, or "Christians according to the The next day came, but five hundred dollars Gospel;" declared that they had been induced to tradictions of the Papal Church. In answer to the questions: Who advised you to leave the Catho'ic faith? Francesco replied: "Nobody: It has been a matter between God and my own soul " He admitted that he had held a meeting for prayer and religious conversation in his own house, to which some Catholics were admitted at their own request desiring to become ac and the next day brought him his letters, one quainted with the eternal truth. The judge few days previous. Mr. Hale went to the post | was provoked; I stoke of the dogmas of master in his own city, and laid the matter before the church as contrary to the Bible, but have never used, during this conversation, any disrespectul language."

With this closed Francesco's examination .-Rosa was then ques ioned as to her change of religion, &c. and answered substantially as Francesco had. Rosa was then raked:

"Have you, at any time, called the Holy Apostles men of hetred?" A. No. sir; that accusation is totally untrue.

During these scenes of anxiety. George was I have never been guilty of such a thing, and narried, and made a bridal tour to the Falls. The shall prove the contrary by the words of St. Luke, chapter xxii., from verse 28th to 31st. remembrance of his wicked deed, but conscience But the Judge interrupted Rosa Madiai saying,